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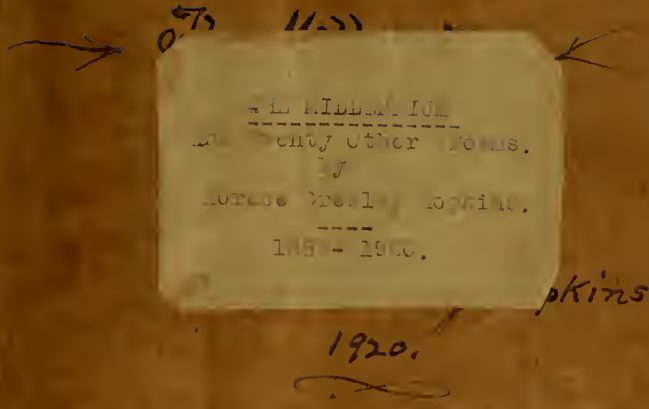

THE MILLENNIUM

And 20 Other Poems,

By

Horace Greeley Hopkins

Library Edition.

**

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Table of Contents.

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GREETING.

To sail [illegible] on the sea,
[illegible] it [illegible];
For [illegible] it must [illegible]
The craft thus launched to meet, and face, its fate.

2.

In publishing a book, 'tis much the same;
For if its author be unknown to fame,
It may, unnoticed, sink into the deep—
Where many kindred ventures calmly sleep!

3.

The Reader's eye, the Critic's caustic pen,
Are gauntlets to be run; and, even then,
The hapless author must contented be,
To brave the verdict of Posterity.

****

August, 1920. H.C.H.

THE AWAKENING.

A sighing Zephyr softly sweeps
Its way across the icy deeps!
Anon, there comes a quickening breeze—
Blowing, warm, from Southern seas—
And, couring o'er the wold around,
It whispers to the sleeping ground:
" Awake, awake! " and quickly fills,
With love and joy, the vales and hills.

Old Winter's gone; nor looks to see
The mystic change in every tree
That, lone and bare, and silent, stood
While he roamed, raging, thro' the wood;
For, now, each leafy branch doth sway
Most cheerily—and thro' all play
A thousand feathered warblers, free,
Who rouse the echos merrily!

All Life's astir. The humble bee,
From bud to bud, flits busily
O'er meadow, copse, and fallowed field,
In search of sweets scarce yet revealed.
The myriad insects in the air;
The wood-mouse, creeping from his lair;
The tinkling brooklet in the dell—
All feel, anew, the magic spell
Of Spring, re-born in Earth's slow flight
Into the Day, from out the Night!

******

1885.

—Horace Gracley Hopkins

TIME.

Time's most provoking slow,
When we desire haste;
Men loath to have him go,
He has no time to waste!
Inconsistency, itself,
He hears no lover's plea,
But quickly flies—the elf—
And laughs in mockery!
But, to the gaoled wretch,
An hour seems an age,—
Until the sprite doth fetch
The key to his dull cage.

******

— M.G.N.

1885.

OPPORTUNITY.

'Tis said I knock but once, at every door,
And then, forever, turn my steps away;
That those who hear, and follow, me gain more
Than they who hear me not--or, hearing, stay.

The last is true, I ween; not so the first.
Some hidden portals I, no doubt, pass by—
To all, perforce, I cannot go. The worst
For others, lies in waiting until I
My summons make; or, trifling, knock again.
I am no wraith, to prowl where shadows fall!
I love the light, and am the friend of men,
And women, who, believing, heed my call.

******

— N. Greeley Hopkins

1886.

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

Thou tripping, tuneful-throated mite—
By thoughtless man misunderstood—
Whence come thy pleasing Melodies;
Thy soft refrains that stir the heart;
Thy trilling symphonies, and all
Thy rythmic roundelays of song?

Who taught Thee aught of Harmony—
Of strains sublimely sweet and low?
Who taught Thee how to sing of love,
And croon a soothing lullaby
To disappointed maid, or swain?

Canst Thou divine the life within—
And life without—that tiny breast,
Its hopes and fears, its joys and pains?
Or, dost thou catch, on beating wing,
The echoes from the Spheres beyond!

——— H.G.H.

****

1887.

THE NEW-YEAR.

Another page of Time's great book
Is turned. With eager eyes we look
The volume o'er and, from the Past,
We fain would read the Future's cast;
Would know what fortune has in store—
If [illegible] for slights sustained before,
Or tempests, vile and dark, to blight
A happy life, or sink in night
The sun of Hope, that stands so high
Athwart a pure, and cloudless, sky!

Alas! 'tis to be mute, and we
Can only pray for victory—
And trust the all-creative Will
To wait its blessings to us still.

H. Greeley Hopkins
1888.

FATE--A FANCY.

In space there is a realm, round which
The Cosmic ocean rolls;
Where pensive sprites, and elfin gay,
Together weave, by night and day,
The fateful web, by Destiny
Decreed to mundane souls.

With deft, and patient, hands they work,
Immune to grief and care;
The while their misty fabric grows,
A maze of human joys and woes—
Of sunshine, rain, and chilling snows—
A-patterned in the air.

And when fair Earth, with measure whirl,
This pendant way swings through,
Each broken thread, and tangled skein—
By fitful chance—becomes, amain,
A part of pleasure, or of pain,
To whom it clings unto!

*****

1869.

— N. Greeley Hopkins

THE LAW AND THE LAYMAN.

A layman met the Law, one day,
A-walking on a public way.
1. The layman stared--no sign made he
To recognize his Majesty.
" How now, Sirrah." the latter cried,
With dignity, and injured pride,
2. " You seem, methinks, to know me not!
I am your king--what is your lot?"
" My King, good Sir!" the other said.
3. " I labor for my daily bread;
No sovereign have I but the law—
Whom, I must own, I never saw."

" What! catiff, say you truly so?
If, then, my face you do not know,
4. Pray tell me what you may have heard
Of my decrees--my royal word?"
" Why prithee, Sir, are you the law? "
The layman asked, with growing awe.
5. " I am, my friend," the first replied;
" Your liege, the law personified. "

" I've heard you mentioned, half-aloud,"
The layman said, and humbly bowed;
6. " But never have I seen your face
Before, my lord, in any place."
" What! nor my likeness, nor my hand,
Nor seal? Am I to understand
7. That to my subjects I'm unknown?"
The monarch queried, with a groan.
"Your pardon, Sire," the man rejoined,
" Some legal maxims have been coined,
8. To titillate the public ear;
Of your decrees we seldom hear."
" God rest you, friend! I do perceive
You speak the truth; and I believe
9. My stewards are, alone, at fault.
To this I'll quickly call a halt!"

--over.-

N.S.H.

THE LAW and THE LAYMAN--Contd.

With that, he bade the man adieu,
And strolled along until the view
10. Disclosed a Judge, in flowing gown,
Approaching on his way to town.
The judge returned the Law's salute,
11. And quickly passed. " By my repute,"
The latter mused, " Not e'en this night
Upon my bench knows me by sight!"

At this he turned about and strode,
Behind the Judge, a-down the road;
12. And, shortly coming up, espied
A Lawyer at the judge's side.
" Now by my troth--and what befell—
13. Here's one, at least, who knows me well!"
So thought his Majesty, as near
The twain he paused, and bent an ear.

The lawyer stared, as did the judge.
The second gave the first a nudge,
14. And whispered, " Pray who is our friend?
Methinks he could his manners mend."
" It seems that we have met before,"
Replied the Knight of legal lore;
15. " His face and form familiar grow—
I'll look him up, and let you know."
They frowned and, turning thence away,
They left his Majesty a prey
16. To deep amazement. " Zounds!" cried he,
" Heard I aright? Can these things be?"

Then, straight, he got him to his court,
And called, at once, for a Report
17. From every minion of the law
Who for a royal stipend drew.
These quickly came--all duly sealed,—
And each the hoary myth revealed
18. That all went well within the state;
No storms the realm did agitate.
" Odds, sparrowbills! I'll raise one, then,"
He vowed. " I'll know both why, and when,
19. The law became a mystery!"
And his heralds summoned he.

When they had gathered--much in fear
20. Of him whose mandate brought them there--
In tones that made each varlet quake,
To them their ruler sternly spake:
" Good sirs, I am amazed that you
21. Should to your duties prove untrue!
You've slept upon your posts each day,
Or idled, close, your time away.

-Cover-

H.G.K.

" I [illegible] in
[illegible] issued in my name,
22. I will not live to this ripe land
[illegible], my will, my behest;
And, grieved at the royal soul,
23. My mind, and his mien, to reveal
To every loving subject's eye,
That he might know an I passed by.
I find, indeed, I'm quite unknown!
24. [illegible] hide the [illegible]
Here Equity rides by my side.
My gracious consort, and my maiden
How can my people tell obey,
25. My just and kind decrees, when they
Are seldom given them to know?
What say you, Sirs? Is this not so? "

Thereat, each several quaking lout
26. Fell to his knees and squirmed about—
Confessing his delinquency,
And pledging future loyalty.
Here Equity besought her lord
27. That to their trusts they be restored;
'Twould be both merciful and wise.
He gave assent, and bade them rise.
" But look you, Sirs!" he grimly said;
28. " Let none among you seek his bed
Until my liege, and my friend,
Is known to all throughout the land!"

*****

1890-92.

N.S.K.

EVOLUTION.

When Time was young, and Space a sea
Of shapless worlds unborn;
When Night yet held within her womb
The embryo of Morn--
Confusion brooded over all,
And held its course supreme;
While angry lightnings rent the void
With many an vivid gleam!
There Titan legions fiercely strove,
And fought for Victory—
The while the thunder's mighty voice
Proclaimed the things to be!

Thus countless aeons drifted by,
Until King Chaos fled
Before a stronger, cosmic, force—
And Order reigned instead.
Then, from the protoplasmic depths
Of never-ending space
A host of blazing suns appeared,
Each circling in its place;
And as their glorious rays dispelled
The last-dissolving pall,
A swelling anthem rose to God,
The Architect of all!

***

1891.

—Horace Greeley Hopkins
--H.G.H.

(over)

THE PREACHER.

Before a crowd a preacher stands,
The cynosure of staring eyes;
His earnest voice, and trembling hands,
Upraised in fervor to the skies.

2.

He prays that God may give to man
An understanding, deep and true,
Of Heaven's high, Eternal plan--
Of life on Earth a larger view.

3.

Then, opening his Book, he quotes
From prophets old, and gospels new;
And turning to his well-thumbed notes,
He cries, "My friends, I say to you

4.

"We needs must practice, as we preach--
Each for himself, and all to all--
That love, whose scintillations reach
Beyond man's legendary fall!

5.

"Our many creeds,--of Earth begot--
And all our splendid litanies,
Are but the outward forms of what
The Inner Spirit dimly sees.

6

"We trust in God, yet dread to hear
The Splash of Charon's muffled oar;
Despite our faith, we yield to fear--
And hide our coward selves in-shore!

7.

"We faint, when we should valiantly
Resist the ills that weigh us down;
For brave and sturdy must he be,
Who hopes to win a Victor's crown!

8.

"We drift across our common sea,
Like castaways upon a raft;
When each should strive his best to be
The master-workman of his craft."

(over) --H.G.H.

The Preacher--Contd.

9.

" The motes of life we magnify
Into great beams that bar our way;
And then, from these we basely fly--
And hope to climb another day!

10.

" Along our hilly, thorny, road
We fain would ride in easy state;
But walk we must--and bear the load
Imposed upon us by our fate.

11.

" It is the law that, through travail,
We rise above material cares.
Who garners grain, must ply the flail,
And winnow out the chaff and tares.

12.

" Who seeks the light, must first forsake
The blinded leaders of the blind.
In boundless growth--our souls awake--
Shall we our true Salvation find.

13.

" For God, the ever-living Cause
Of all that is, and is to be,
Reveals the truth through Nature's laws;
And bids us hearken, and be free! "

. . . . . .

14.

Then, quietly, he moves away;
And soon is lost amid the throng.
God send him back another day;
And may he live, and labor, long!

******

1895. --H.C.H.

PLYMOUTH ROCK.

Insensate clay thou art, and yet
Methinks thou must have felt a thrill
Of conscious pride, that fateful day
The Pilgrim's feet thy bosom trod:
The quiet joy, that comes to those
Who shrink not in a crucial hour!

When captious winds, and tides, conspired
To try the souls of pioneers,
Sea-tossed and weary—searching out
A haven where they might be free
From priestly tyranny, and creeds
Debased to serve the ends of state—
Thou failed them not, thou noble rock!

What matters it if they forgot;
And for a time themselves became,
In lesser measure, tyrants too—
Until their fervent zeal grew cool,
And sweeter, with the lapse of years,
And peace and liberty prevailed?
For 'tis the tragic fate of man—
Until he sees with with clearer eye,
Than now, the path he gropes along—
To doubt, and flout, his fellow-man
Who thinketh not as he, but builds
A shrine and worshippeth apart.

Were man attuned like unto Thee—
If duty doing with his might,
As thou didst thine— no meed of praise
Expecting, and no censure feared—
Then would, indeed, the light of love,
Of toleration, rest of toil,
Suffuse the Earth with kindliness;
And men, as fellows man would live,
As live the winds, and rocks, and sea—
In cheerful, natural accord!

****

--J.C.T.

1897.

THE MOLECULE.

We're two atoms, She and I,
United in a Molecule.
To separate us none may try—
We live within the Golden rule.

2.

We've with tread laden, and travelled far;
We've dwelt in stations high and low.
We've helped to fashion many a star—
And aided in its overthrow.

3.

We helped to pave the Milky-Way ;
We helped to shape this mundane sphere.
All Nature's mandates we obey—
We go, and ask not why, nor where.

4.

We've slumbered deep in Ocean's bed,
We've lived in rocks, and trees, and flowers.
We've swirled in vapors overhead,
And dropped to Earth in cooling showers.

5.

We've murmured in the plunging stream,
And in the Earthquake's trembling floor.
We've shimmered in the lightning's gleam,
And spoken in the thunder's roar!

6.

We've chilled in ice-bergs from the pole;
We've [illegible] on the Ocean's crest.
[illegible]

7.

[illegible]

8.

[illegible]

9.

[illegible]

*****

--H.C.W.

THE UNIVERSAL SPIRIT.

A wailing man, [illegible], lay
Before an idol form of clay;
Beside him clung, in the dust,
His great Go-Go-No, kind and just.

2.
A Buddhist, on a tattered mat,
By a rough prayer-wheel, sat
And turned the sacred symbol round,
With eyes fixed humbly on the ground.

3.
A Savage in the forest wild,
With faith as of a simple child,
Besought the aid of Manitou—
In that he was about to do.

4.
A Christian, kneeling, muttered low
A prayer all men and women know,
When famine lays its shrivelled hand
Upon a sorely-stricken land.

5.
A Doubter--scorning all the creeds,
That men have fashioned to their needs--
Walked, reverently, through a glade,
By Nature's loving magic laid.

....

6.
Thus doth the Spirit beckon all;
And man, responding to the call,
Learns, age by age, to banish sin—
And feel the Living God within!

--Horace Greeley Hopkins.

1901.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

To [illegible] Verities, and [illegible] dreams,
[illegible]! [illegible] son of toil, all thou dost glean
Avoid the [illegible] quicksands of extremes—
For Truth, like solid ground, doth lie between!

2.

In [illegible] meet thee with a pitying smile—
Or Wealth in Crowns, and turn from thee away—
[illegible] not fainthearted; for 'tis worth the while.
The fruit of knowledge blooms not in a day.

3.

Doth love of Nature [illegible] thee in its thrall?—
The green-embowered woods, the dewy rills—
The granite temples towering over all
The restless sea, the verdure-covered hills?

4.

Then search for wisdom there; and thou shalt find,
As well, sweet surcease from the heartless roar
Of modern [illegible]; and the slavish grind
Of Vanities shall trouble thee no more!

5.

Or, wouldst thou in the Laboratory delve—
The mysteries of matter to explore?
Then rare delights impend, if thou wilt shelve
Thine ego, and become a child once more.

6.

But if thou likest best the busy mart—
Where many, over-reaching, dwarf their souls—
E'en there Truth lingers, patiently apart,
[illegible] Mammon [illegible] [illegible] polls.

7.

Performance [illegible] [illegible]'s fretful roll
Is music to thine [illegible] ear?
Then read—in [illegible] thou [illegible] [illegible] scroll,
The motto of Truth emblazoned there!

8.

[illegible], in the [illegible] [illegible] thy [illegible]
[illegible] the [illegible] of Church, the [illegible] of State,
[illegible]— the [illegible] of [illegible],—
[illegible] [illegible]; for only Truth is [illegible]!

9.

[illegible], [illegible], [illegible] thou find, love, [illegible];
The [illegible]'s toil, the [illegible]'s [illegible]—
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] thou [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible],
[illegible], [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]!

[illegible].

—N.S.H.

THE ROCKIES I SUNG.

I sing WESTT, crowned with glory,
World of peaks, and hollowed vale!
Could that one night tell it story,—
But imagination fails.

2

Sentinel, throughout the ages,
Over the land from sea to sea,
Round it brow the blizzard rages,
At its feet immensity!

3

Nestling crags, and soaring eyrie,
Linked by love in parks between—
Pit, and picturesque companies
In a vast, and wondrous, scene!

4

Placid lakes, their vigils keeping
Where volcanic fires glowed;
Crystal brooklets, lightly leaping
Where the molten lava flowed!

5

Terraced castles, bold and seamy,
Stretching up to skies of blue;
Floating cloudlets, white and dreamy—
With the sunshine pulsing through!

6

Snowy heights, and rushing rivers,
Bathed in opalescent sheen—
Where the cheerful aspen quivers,
And the firs are ever green;

7

Where the wood-bird's note is sweetest;
Where the mountain-flowers bloom;
Where the hours run the fleetest,
And the twilight holds no gloom.

8

Hidden treasure-chambers, veining
All the fissured granite through;
Limpid meadows, slumber feigning,
Where the foot-hills meet the view.

9

Air of velvet, pure and bracing;
Vistas that amaze the sight;
Over all soft shadows, chasing
Lambent morning into night!

******

1907.

—H.S.K.

THE MILLENNIUM.

When Reason reigns, and all are truly free,
The Scales of Justice shall be laid aside!
Each Soul the law's embodiment shall be;
In every heart Will Charity abide.

No longer shall the strong oppress the weak,
No more shall martyrs to the cross be led;
Whoever will, the Truth shall freely speak,
And Error shall be crucified instead.

No longer, from the cradle to the grave,
Shall nations dream of conquest by the sword!
No longer shall the Master flay the Slave;
Nor Greed rob Industry of its reward.

Not then shall vain Ambition's lust for Place
Drive Virtue, faint and bleeding, to the wall;
Nor then shall modest Worth itself abase,
To please the Pride that "rideth to a fall!"

Not then shall fruitful vales be rent in twain—
Nor busy cities paralyzed — by strife,
Nor shall the mad, unholy race for Gain
Disturb the pleasant Thoroughfare of Life.

Not then shall demagogues the masses sway,
And make the "worse appear the better" view;
Nor then shall government its trust betray,
And crush the many, to exalt the few.

Not then shall Man, through Ignorance and Fear,
Descend to envy, and distrust, his kind;
Nor then shall Vice its ugly head uprear;
Nor Passion blight the blossoms of the Mind.

Not then, in Super-Nature's cause, unreal,
Shall Superstition chant its childish lay;
Nor cold Ecclesiasticism steal
Man's Mental birthright from his self-way.

(over.)

1905-1910
12 Stanzas in all

H.G.H.

THE MILLENNIUM--Contd.

9.

Not then shall Sophistry obscure the light
That Conscience sheds upon man's path;
For then shall Wrong assume the garb of Right,
And leave behind its bitter aftermath!

Not then shall women blindly worship brawn,
Nor men make beauty woman's chief asset;
No more shall they, in light esteem, be drawn
To love a little while—and then forget.

Not then shall Youth,—in savage sports,—delight
To waste its substance ere its flower blooms;
Nor Age await, in dull despair, the Night
That shrouds uncounted millions in their tombs.

. . . . . .

As Evolution speeds the breaking day,
The World, to fantasies, no more shall cling;
For Spirit shall command—and flesh obey—
And Death, itself, shall lose its dreaded sting!

*****

1905--1910.

— H.G.W.

THE LOVER.

O, Goddess of the golden days
Of plighted troth and wedding-chimes,
To whom the poets hymn their lays—
And poet-asters drone their rhymes—
Come sing again thy pleasing strain;
And banish hence my grief and pain.

If broken hearts may mended be—
As run the legends of thy skill—
Vouchsafe thy gentle aid to me,
And bend my Lady to thy will;
For that thou gavest have I lost,
And well I rue the bitter cost.

The passing years no solace bring;
Alone, I wander far and near;
Nor may I ever from me fling
The memory of a form so dear—
That none in all the country-side,
Were aught beside my bonnie bride!

A gentle-woman, fair and sweet,
She ruled my heart each blissful day;
And sped the seasons, all too fleet—
Until she turned her face away.
Then, from the sun its brightness fled,
And dirges filled the Earth instead!

The reason why, I may not tell,
O keeper of the flame divine!
In sooth, I know not what befell—
Love fled she seems no longer mine:
Yet, do I ever lonely pray
That she may send for me, some day.

Then haste thee, Queen of every heart,
And let my lady know my mind;
Best fear and doubt hold us apart
Forever, when my love is kind.
And blessed shall thy mission be—
For Love serves all humanity!

****

1912.

—H.G.H.

THE DOCTRINAIRE.

Among the prophets of a race,
The Doctrinaire seems out of place;
For though he thunders very well—
From out the fastness of his shell—
His vision seldom soars above
The things the narrow-minded love.

For him the Laws of Nature hold
No message that need e'er be told;
And soundless, falls upon his ears
The wisdom of ten thousand years!
For him the sunlight was not made—
Weird specters are his stock-in-trade!

To him, the Muses sing as twain;
And clear-eyed Science calls in vain.
The Universe, he sees as naught
But merest flotsam, idly wrought—
Save Earth, indeed; which, to his mind,
Alone was fashioned for mankind!

He views, with jaundiced eye, the scroll—
Which knowledge mirrors to the soul—
With him, Imagination plays
The leading role throughout his days;
And in such work-shop—save the mark—
He builds his idols, in the dark.

Then sets he up, in temples dim,
These man-made, sacred seraphim;
And leaves the timid little choice,
As with authoritative voice,
He bids all mortals bow the knee—
Or, else, forever damn-ed be!

In whate'er field his fate may fix—
Religion, Ethics, Politics—
He threads his sanctimonious way,
Chasing phantoms night and day!
For him the Truth no substance wears;
'Tis for the shadows that he cares.

******

1915.

—H.G.H.

AMERICA IN THE WORLD WAR.

Great land of Freemen, stand thou fast;
And draw, with eager hand, thy sword
To stay the mad, barbaric horde
That frets the Earth with fiery blast,
And fell rapine, and lust of power!
Brave land, 'tis thine appointed hour.

Go thou, and smite them, low and high,
And free the world forevermore.
Go lift the blighting fog of war,
And let insane Ambition die!
Go sound the knell of feudal kings,
And teach the grace that Freedom brings!

See where thine allies, battling, hold
The foul invader hard at bay;
There lies thy grim, unfaltering way—
As lay the paths of Knights of old!
Go break the cruel sway of Might,
And usher in the reign of Right!

******

—M.G.H.

1917. in K.C.Mo.
Written upon our declaration of war against the Kaiser's government... Printed in the K.C.Journal, and several Eastern papers.

SONG OF THE SURF.

Yo, Ho! ye hardy sailors all,
And skippers, glum and gay;
Come list ye to the breezy call
Of Ocean's fickle spray!
Yet take ye heed to shun the charms
Of rocky headlands gray,
That lie within my pearly arms—
For Danger lurks that way.

What though ye love the waves, that rise
To meet the leaden sky;
And fold-- till Neptune's anger dies--
Your canvas wings on high!
Ye cannot know the joy I feel,
To hear the sea-gull's cry—
And mock the drowning reef's appeal—
As I go surging by!

I leap, and dance, and play, among
The sands upon the beach;
And whisper melodies, unsung,
To shells within my reach!
I shield, with mist, the mermaids nude,
And to them prudence teach;
And, often in a braver mood,
Mild the mermen preach.

Some caverns echo, here and there,
My rythmic ebb and flow.
I smoothe the sea-weed's tangled hair,—
Then toss it to and fro!
I love, with reverent touch, the spires
Of coral fanes below;
And light their altars up with fires
Of emerald after-glow!

(over)

1918 —N.S.H.

SONG OF THE SURF--Contd.

5.

I pile the drift along the shore;
And laugh with childish glee,
To see it topple o'er, and o'er--
And then return to me!
I sound the rumblings of the deep,
(But in a gentler key);
And warn the lubbers all to keep
Their smacks within the lee.

6.

I beat, and beat, and ever break
Upon the landsman's hearth;
Yet do I, in the wrack I make,
Blend mercy with my mirth.
Oft I enrich the yokel's cot,
Against the season's dearth;
And to the fisher-folk, unsought,
Bring argosies of worth!

*****

1918.

N.G.H.

[illegible].

What profits it to stop the Hun,
And let the Tartar threat the world
With horse to come—his flag unfurled
Against a peace scarce yet begun?
Shall History again regale
The future with the mournful tale
Of labor lost—the Victor's sword
Surrendered to a Slavic horde?

Shall Zeal, mistaken at the heart,
And seething with envenomed flood,
Drench half the Earth again in blood;
While Lenin plays the tyrant's part—
And sends abroad a callous crew,
To sow their poisoned seed, anew?
Who shall the thankless task engage,
And calm the Mujik's sodden rage?

What boots it to dethrone a King —
Who, though he rules with scornful might,
Yet guards the meanest subject's right
To live and love, to work and sing,
And do aught else his lot demands
Within the law—in ruthless hands,
Ordered on by vicious minds, despoil
The Art of centuries of toil?

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July, 1920.

— N.G.H.

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